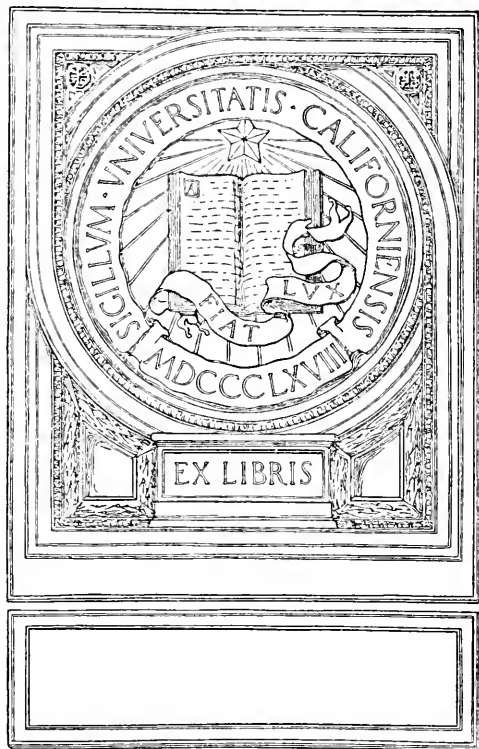


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The Tudor Reprinted and Parallel Texts

**Impatient Poverty**

1560





## The Tudor Reprinted and Parallel Texts

*Under the Supervision and Editorship of*

JOHN S. FARMER

# Impatient Poverty

1560

*Privately Printed for Subscribers*

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PRINTED BY  
HAZELL, WATSON AND VINEY, LD.,  
LONDON AND AYLESBURY.

THE  
LONDON  
AND  
AYLESBURY  
PRINTING  
WORKS

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## Impatient Poverty

Until recently this play was known by mention only. A copy, however, turned up in the notable Irish "find" sold at Sotheby's in July, 1906. It was then bought for the nation for £150, and is now in the British Museum (Press-mark, C. 34, i. 26).

"Impatient Poverty" is in black-letter, the leaf-measurement being  $7\frac{1}{4}$  inches by 5 inches, 18 leaves. The margins in some places are badly shaved: lacunæ are supplied in this reprint between brackets—" [ ]." On some leaves the names of the speakers are a little lower and on some a little higher than the commencing line of a speech: no notice has here been taken of these "faults" (but see "OBVIOUS ERRORS" at end of play).

The black-letter of the original has been replaced by a modern roman fount; and as in the original the stage directions show no change of type, the same rule has now been followed.

English Dept.

AUG 18 1941

Eliz. tek

*My choice of good, clear modern type for the old black-letter will, I hope, be justified and approved by subscribers and readers. It is generally held, I believe, that the modern imitation of black-letter is merely a nuisance for practical purposes of study, however nice it may look on a drawing-room table. It takes much longer to read than ordinary modern type, and fills more space (an important consideration for a student with limited shelf-room), and commands not a jot more confidence as to its accuracy. In fact, it is "neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor good red herring." For those whose needs and tastes run in the other direction, there are, if originals are not available, the first series, now nearly complete, of fifty volumes of THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS.*

*The title-page and the ornaments at the end are facsimiles, the former slightly reduced.*

*This reprint has been compared with the original by Mr. J. A. Herbert, of the Manuscript Department of the British Museum.*

JOHN S. FARMER.



**A Newe In-**  
terlude of Impacient pouerte  
newly Imprinted.  
M. D. L. F.

Four men may well and ease  
the playe thys Interlude.

Peace and Coll ballarde and Co  
scyence, for one man.

Aboundaunce and mystrule for  
another man.

Impacient pouerte, Prospery-  
te, and pouerte, for one man.

Enuye and the somner, for ano-  
ther man.

[Facsimile of Title-page of "Impatient Poverty," slightly reduced, from  
a copy now in the British Museum. The back in original is blank.]









¶ Peace begynneth,

**T**He puifaūt prynce and innocent most pure  
whych humbly descended frō the sete sēpiternal  
Illumyne hys beames of grace to euery creature  
To wythstand the conflicte of our enemyes mortall  
The deuyll, the world, & the fleshe, these .iiii. in specyal  
whych setteth dyuision betwene the soule & the body  
In like wise enuy setteth debate betwene party & par

I speake for this cause, dayly ye may se (tye  
Howe that by enuy and malyce, many be destroyed  
whych yf they had lyued in peace w̄ pacyent humilite  
Ryches and prosperite with them had ben employed  
For there as is peace, no man is annoyed  
For by peace men growe to great rycheffe  
And by peace men lyue in greate quyetnesse

I am named peace whych enuye doeth expel  
Enuy wyth me shall neuer rest

For enuye is one of the paynes of hell  
when that he sojourneth within a mans brest  
Lyke the burnynge Fenix in her owne nest  
Though she can none other hurte ne greue  
yet she doth not cease her selfe to myscheue

A fyr here was a longe predication  
Me though ye sayd in your commnycatyon  
To euery man peace was most behoued.

Enuye[.]

Forsoth and so sayde I.

Peace.

That shalbe proued contrarye by and by  
For by peace moche people are vndone

Enuye[.]

What people are tho.

Peace.

The armurer, the fletcher, and the bowyer  
Maryners, gonners, and the poore fowdyer  
yea and also many an other artyfycer  
whych I do not reherse by name

Enuye[.]

- Peace. I fay the vnyuerfall people doth beſt obtayne  
Where as peace is euer abydyng
- Enuye. Thou lyest ſo god me helpe and haly dome  
For then were furgyons cleane vndone  
Of them that wyll fyght and breake a pate  
They gete good lyuynge both erly and late  
And what ſayeſt thou by men of lawe  
Theyr lyuynge were not worth a ſtrawe  
And euery man ſhulde lyue in peace.
- Peace. That is not for the commons encrease  
For by peace they profyte in many a thyng  
Peace ſetteth amyte betwene kynge and kynge  
In tyme of peace marchauntes haue theyr courſe  
To paſſe and repaſſe
- Enuye. Thou lyest knaue by the maſſe (wroughte  
For vnder colour of peace moch ſuttelte hathe bene  
And ſhypps are taken y<sup>e</sup> marchaūtes dere haue boughte  
was that for theyr promocyon  
Nay in tyme of war  
Suche a knaue durſt not ſtere  
By y<sup>e</sup> maſſe were it not for ſhame thou ſhulſ bere me
- [P]eace. Holde thy handes thou lewde ſelow (a blow  
Thou arte of euyl dyſpoſicyon  
Thus agaynſt peace to repugne  
The whyche from heauen deſcended downe  
To bryngd man out of captiuite
- [E]nuye. A horſon why doeſt thou lye  
when were thou in heauen tell me by and by  
How cameſt thou downe with a ladder or a rope
- [P]eace. It were no ſynne to hange the by throte  
Thy wordes be enuyous, not grounded on charyte.
- [E]nuye. Syr one thyng I praye you tell me.
- [P]eace. What is that





|                                                                                              |          |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------|
| Haue ye any wyfe or no                                                                       | Enuy[e.] |
| Wherfore alke ye so                                                                          | Peace[.] |
| Bycause ye saye peace is moſte expedyent                                                     | Enuy[e.] |
| yf your wife made you cuckolde you beyng preſent<br>what wolde ye do                         |          |
| Geue her ſoche puniſſhement as longeth thereto                                               | Peace[.] |
| A falſe flatteryng horſon loo                                                                | Enuy[e.] |
| Nowe thou ſayeſt agaynſt thyne owne declaracyon<br>yf thou fyght where is then peace become. |          |
| I breake not peace with doyng due correctyon<br>For correctyon ſhuld be done charitably      | Peace[.] |
| Iraſcemini et nolite peccare                                                                 |          |
| I ſhall mete that at omnium quare                                                            | Enuy[e.] |
| Peace ſhuld forgeue, and not be reuenged                                                     |          |
| Hens horſon by our lady of wolpit                                                            |          |
| I ſhall rappe the of the pate                                                                |          |
| Go hence wretche, thou make bate                                                             | Peace[.] |
| It were almes to ſet the in newgate                                                          |          |
| Howe mayſter conſtable come nere                                                             |          |
| Here is a wretche wythout reaſon                                                             |          |
| Take and put hym in pryſon                                                                   |          |
| with as many yrons as he may beare                                                           |          |
| By our lady I wyll come no nere                                                              | Enuy[e.] |
| A conſtable, quod ha, nay that wyll I not abyde                                              |          |
| For I am lothe to go ſhorter tyde                                                            |          |
| yet longe horſon for al thy pryde                                                            |          |
| I ſhall mete wyth the another daye                                                           |          |
| when one of vs two ſhall goo a knaue awaye                                                   |          |
| O thou wretche thou ought to remorde                                                         | Peac[e.] |
| That ſo farre arte exiled from charyte                                                       |          |
| Lo he thynketh not, how mekely his maker & Lorde                                             |          |
| Suffered repreſe and dyed vpon a tre                                                         |          |
| Geuyng vs example that wythe humyly                                                          |          |

Eueri man shulde folowe his trace  
That in heauen wyl clayme a place  
Impacyient pouerte.

Kepe kepe for coxs face.

Peace. why arte thou so out of pacyence

[I]mpaci- A knaue wolde haue rested me I owe him but .xl.

[e]nt po. He shall abyde by goddes dere blest. (pens

Peace. Take hede my frende thus sayth the texte

In lyttle medlynge standeth great rest

Therefore paye thy duetye well and honestly  
with fewe wordes dyscretelye

Another tyme ye shall be the better truste

[I]mpaci- That wil I neuer do while I liue let him do his best

[e]nt po. I had leuer laye all my good to pledge

To gete a wryte of pryueledge

So may I go by his nose at large

Spyte of hys tethe who so euer faye naye

[P]eace. This is but a wilful mynde, yf thou wilt not paye

They very duety, whych can not be denayde

Getyng of thy wryte and expence in the lawe

wyl cost more then thy duety, thys wyll I knawe

Thy dette therwith can not be payde

It is onely a deferringe of the paymente.

[I]mpaci. yet the knawe shall not haue hys entent.

[P]eace. Thou shalt paye by ryghtfull iudgement

For the lawe is indifferent to euery person

[I]mpaci- I se thou holdest on his opynion

[e]nt po. Yet I fet not by you both a ryfthe

And I mete the knawe I shal hewe his fleshe

Helpe hym thou olde chorle and thou can

[P]eace. I se thou arte an euyl dysposed man.

I vtterly forsake thy condycyon

[I]mpaci. Mary auaunt longe precyous horfon







|                                                      |               |
|------------------------------------------------------|---------------|
| I fet not by the nor him, I make God auowe           |               |
| I am as good a man, as thou for all thy good         |               |
| Let it be tryet by māhode, and thertho I geue the my |               |
| Al foch warryours I do reproue                       | (gloue Peace. |
| For peace loueth not to fyght                        |               |
| No olde foole, thou haft lofte thy myghte            | impaci-       |
| For in age is noughte els but cowardyse              | ent po.       |
| Youth wyth hys courage lyghte                        | Peace.        |
| Nor strenght wyth multitude I do the plyght          |               |
| Are not onely the cause of victory                   |               |
| No good fyr, what then.                              | impaci.       |
| Grace and good gouernaunce of man                    | Peace.        |
| For wyth good discrecion thei began.                 |               |
| That were the greate winners of victory              |               |
| Then victory is gotten by dyscrecion                 | impaci-       |
| I praye your fyr shewe me thys leffon                | tant po.      |
| Howe to come to rycheffe, for that is all my care    |               |
| For I am euer in greate neceffyte                    |               |
| Meate and drinke with me is scarfite                 |               |
| No man will truste me of a peny                      |               |
| And also my clothes are but bare                     |               |
| Good fyr what faye you therin                        |               |
| I holde it puniffhmente for thi sinne                | Peace.        |
| Shewe me what is thy name                            |               |
| I am named Impacyente pouerte                        | impac.        |
| Forfoth that maye full well be                       | Peace.        |
| Thou arte so full of wrath and enuye                 |               |
| In the can growe no grace                            |               |
| But yf thou wylte forfake sensualyte                 |               |
| And be gouerned by reason as I shall enduce the      |               |
| Thou shalte come to rycheffe, wythin shorte space    |               |
| Shewe me that nowe in thys place                     | impaci[.]     |
| And therto I wyll agree                              |               |

- [P]eace.      Thou muste loue thy neyghboure wyth charyte  
 Do vnto hym, no maner of dyseafe  
 Loke how thou wolde he dyd to the  
 Do to hym no worfe in no degree  
 And then thou shalt oure lorde please.
- [I]mpaci-      Shall I loue hym that loueth not me ?  
 [e]nt po.      Those that trouble and rebuke me shamefully  
 That wyll I neuer do whyle I lyue.
- [P]eace.      Thou must charitably al fautes forgeue  
 What focuer any man to the saye  
 Let as thou harde it not, turne thyne eare awaye  
 Thou shalt please god, yf thou so do,
- [I]mpaci-      Naye by good there hoo  
 [e]nt po.      What is he in all thys place  
 That wyll do as thys man sayde  
 Shewe me or I go  
 yf a man do you a greate offence  
 Wyll ye kepe your pacyence  
 Naye by god not so  
 I put case I breake your heed  
 wyll ye suffre that in verye dede.
- [P]eace.      To suffer for Christes sake I shall haue mede  
 [I]mpaci.      That shal I knowe by Goddes brede.
- Peace.      Holde thy hande and kepe pacyence  
 Thynke what Chryste suffered for oure offence  
 He was beaten, scourged, & spytte on wyth vyolence  
 And suffered death for our sake  
 yet he toke it pacyentlye  
 He forgaue hys death, and prayed for his enemyes  
 Pater dimitte illis, hys sayinge was truelye  
 An example for vs to take  
 To be meke in harte: beaty pauperes spiritu  
 Shal Chryste saye full euen





Et venite benediciti come my blessed chyldren  
To the kyngdom of heauen.

Syr I thanke you, for your ghostly instruction      impac[i-]  
Unto your saying, I can make no delayaunce      ent po[.]  
I putte me vnder youre gouernacion  
And for mysdedes, I take greate repentaunce

Then to my sainge, take good remembraunce      Peace[.]  
Exercyse youre selfe in vertue, from this tyme hence  
And vnto peace euermore be obediente  
Set before euery sharpe worde, a shyld of fuffraunce  
And when tyme is of youre concupissaunce  
Then pacifie it with benynge refystaunce

Syr gramercy, y<sup>e</sup> ye haue brought me to thys estate impac[i-]  
By your aduertismēt I am wyllig to lyue in chrystes ent p[o.]  
Ther as I haue offended him both erly & late      (law  
I serued hym not for loue nor for awe  
Therefore nowe ryghte well I knowe  
That pouerte and miserye that I my lyfe in lede  
It is but onely punisshement for my mysdede

Nowe or we any further procede      Peace[.]  
Holde thys vesture and put it on the  
From hence forth thou shalte be called prosperite

I thancke God and you, I am in felicitye      Prosp[e.]  
Nowe vnto you I shall here shewe      Peace[.]

Of soche thynges as ye shall eschewe  
Fyrste youre foule loke that ye kepe cleane  
Beware of myfrule in any wyse  
Playe not at caylles, cardes nor dyse  
Also from miswomen, for by them mischefe may ryse  
As it doeth often, this daylye is sene  
Haunte no tauernes, nor fyttē not vp late  
Let not haffarde nor riotour, w<sup>h</sup> you be checke mate  
For then wyll enuy come, and make debate

B.i.

The whiche shall cause greate trouble  
Be plentiful of such as god hath sent  
Unto the poore people, geue wyth good intente  
For euery peny that so is spent  
God wyll sende the double.

- Take hede and do as I haue sayde
- Profpe. Syr therwith I holde me well apayed  
As ye haue commaunded me it shall be done
- Peace. Then let vs departe for a season  
yf ye nede I wyll be your protection. Exiūt ambo
- Haboū. loye and folace be in this hall  
Is there no man here, that knoweth me at al  
I am beloued both wyth greate and small  
Haboundaunce is my name  
I haue all thynges as me lyst  
Meate dryncke, and clothe of the best  
Golde and syluer full is euery chest  
In fayth I wyll not layne  
I thinke ye knowe not my wayes  
Howe I gette goodes now a dayes  
By a propre meane  
Thynke you that I wolde  
Lende eyther syluer or golde  
That daye shall not bee sene  
But I wyll lende them ware  
That shall be bothe badde and deare  
Not worthe the monye he shall paye  
And yf he can no fuerte gette  
Of my ware he getteth ryghte nought  
Wythout a good pledge he laye  
Then wyll I for myne auayle  
He shall make a byll of fayle  
To me full bought and solde







Yf the daye be expyred and pafte  
Then wyll I holde it fafte  
He fhall not haue it thought he woulde  
Thus crafte I haue longe vfed  
And fome men do not yet refufe it  
This is he openlye knowne  
what is he in all thys towne  
That wyll lende wythout fyguler commodum  
Shoulde I lende wythoute a profite  
Naye then I holde noughte worthe my wytte.

All this ye faye, is agaynſte conſcience Confci[i.]

Conſcience quod a, naye thē fhall we neuer thryue Habo[ū.]

For I knowe hym not a lyue  
By conſcience that commeth to ſubſtaunce  
I haue all maner of marchandy  
I fell for longe dayes to theym that are nedy  
And for the paymente I haue good fuertye  
Bounde in ſtatute marchaunte  
Bycauſe I maye forbear  
I fell my ware ſo deare  
I make .xl. of .xx. in haſſe a yeare  
Other men do ſo as well as I.

Euen ſynne, very ſhame marye fye Confci[i.]  
theſe goodes are gotten vntrewelye  
Many a man is vndone thereby  
To take thys ware ſo deare

They ſeke to me bothe farre and neare Habo[ū.]  
Me thincke it is a good dede  
To helpe a man at hys nede  
Yet haue I other meanes  
whereby I gette great gaynes  
I thyncke ye knowe not that.

I, no God wote Confci[.]

- [H]aboū. No ye are but an ydyote  
 I folde a man as moche ware, as came to .xl. pound  
 And in an oblygacyon, I hadde hym bounde  
 To paye me at a certayne daye  
 And when the bargayne was made playne  
 Myne owne feruaunt, bought the fame ware agayn  
 For the thyrde penny it coste, ye wote what I meane  
 But was not thys a wyfe waye?
- [C]onfci. Thou shalte repente it another daye  
 I charge the as farre as I maye  
 Soche false wayes neuer begynne
- [H]aboū. Wherefore this is no synne  
 It is playne byenge and fellynge  
 Lawfull it is for a man to wyne  
 Els ryche shall he neuer be.
- [C]onfci. Wynnynge to be hadde, with due sufficyence  
 In true byenge and fellynge, is not to dyscomende  
 But for thi false vfury thou art curfed in the sentēce  
 I praye God geue the grace for to amende.
- [H]aboū. Is euery man accursed, that doeth bye and sell  
 Then shall no man wyth marchaundyse mell  
 Howe shall the worlde then be vpholde
- [C]onfci. Naye fyr, amyffe ye do vnderstande me  
 All those that occupye false vfurye  
 And transgresseth the lawes of God by iniquitie  
 All soche are accursed I you tolde  
 As for byenge and fellynge, nedes must be  
 And God cōmaundeth to lende to them that are nedey  
 So it be not to theyr iniurye  
 For luker to theym folde.
- [H]aboū. Howe shoulde I fel, shewe me youre wayes
- [C]onfci. ye maye not sell the dearer for dayes  
 yf ye doo, it is contrarye to Goddes lawes





|                                                  |             |
|--------------------------------------------------|-------------|
| It is vsed in oure Countrye                      | Hab[oū.]    |
| It is the more pytye                             | Conf[ci.]   |
| One foche is able to destroye a Cytye            |             |
| And God shewe not hys greate mercye              |             |
| All foche are dampned by hys equite              |             |
| God forfende that shoulde be                     | Habo[ū.]    |
| Howe shall men doo that be of greate reputacyon  |             |
| Whyche kepte theyr goodes on this same fashyon   |             |
| By vsfury, dysceypte, and by extorcyon           |             |
| I doo so my selfe, wherfore shoulde I lye        |             |
| Thou mayste be the more forye                    | Conf[c[i.]] |
| It is so nowe, what remedye                      | Habo[ū.]    |
| Doo make restytucyon                             | Conf[c[i.]] |
| What call ye restytucyon                         | Habo[ū.]    |
| Restore foche goodes as ye haue gotten           | Conf[c[i.]] |
| wrongefully by oppressyon                        |             |
| Then shall I haue lyttle in my possessyon        | Habo[ū.]    |
| I wyll make God amendes, another waye            |             |
| I wyll faste, and I wyll praye                   |             |
| And I wyl geue almes euery daye                  |             |
| That I haue done amyffe, I am sory therfore      |             |
| This is not suffycyente, thou muste restore      | Conf[c[i.]] |
| Quia non dimittitur peccatum                     |             |
| Nisi restituatur ablatum                         |             |
| ye muste restore to theym, ye haue offended vnto |             |
| Then I shall shewe you what I shall doo          | Haboū[.]    |
| I wyll putte it in my Testamente                 |             |
| That myne executours shall paye and contente     |             |
| For whyle I lyue, I wyll not haue my good spente |             |
| For yf I do I am but spylte                      |             |
| Mke amendes man for thy gylte                    | Confci[.]   |
| Rather spyll thy bodye, then spyll thy foule     |             |
| Men of substaunce are ashamed to fall            | Haboū.      |

- [C]onsci. That causeth them to rest in theyr synne  
 [H]aboū. Yet euer with thy strongest part renneth the ball  
 [C]onsci. Yesterdaye thou canst not agayne call  
 When ỹ art dead ỹ gate of mercy is shut ỹ can not co-  
 [H]aboū. Then let hym stande wythout (me in  
 [C]onsci. So of thy foule thou haste no doute  
 [H]aboū. When thou feest my foule torne set on a cloute  
 yf falshode, vfury, and extorcyon shoulde not route  
 Thoufandes in thys realme shoulde be put out  
 The thyrde parte shoulde not byde by saynt Paule  
 [C]onsci. Yet often falshode hath a greate fall  
 An example by kynge Achab whych is sothe  
 Defyred the vneyarde of that poore man Nabothe  
 By counsell of Iezabell that Kynges wyfe  
 Bycause he wolde not sell hys possessions  
 Of two false witnesses he was peached of hye trason  
 And through the mouth of a false quest it raue  
 which caused the poore man to lese both land & lyfe  
 After that of goddes owne byddinge  
 Came Helias the prophet to Achab the kynge  
 Sayinge he shoulde haue euyll endyng  
 And so he had, for by the waye as he rode  
 He fel & brake his neck, wher dogs lapped his blode  
 thys exāple to al vfurers & oppressours as thiketh me  
 Shuld cause thē of god fore a dred to be. (cōtrary  
 [H]aboū. Syr ye preache very holily, but our dedes be often  
 ye be so acquaynted wyth couetouse and symony  
 That maketh vs to take the same waye  
 [C]onsci. So euery euyll dysposed person doeth faye  
 The fraylte of man doeth often offende  
 Then call for grace, and shortely amende  
 Therfore I counsell the to pretende  
 To repente and be sorye for thy mysdede







Yet thus I wyll my lyfe lede  
For of your sayinge I take no hede  
ye wyll mucker vp bothe golde and treasure  
ye haue ryches wythout measure  
And of the fleshe ye haue youre pleasure  
ye cā fynde no wayes to amend your self I you insure  
Therefore rebuke not me for my synne ne good  
God be wyth you, ye shall not rule me

Habo[ū.]

Odulle wyte plunged by ygnoraunce  
Regardynge nothyng of ghostly instructyon  
Settyng more hys minde on worldly substaunce  
Then on the euerlastyng lyfe that is to come  
God wyl stryke when he lyst, ye know not how sone  
Therefore to euery man thys counsell I geue  
To be fory for your sine, & do penaūce while ye lyue  
¶ Here cometh enuye runnyng in  
Laughyng, & sayth to conscyence.

Consc[i.]

Nowe in fayte I wolde ye had be there  
Where shuldc I haue be.  
A better sporte ye neuer se.  
Whereat laughe ye so faste  
He to go and she after.

Enuye[.]

Consc[i].]

Enuye[.]

Consc[i].]

Enuye[.]

And wythin a while he caughte her  
He toke of her an incroke  
And chopte her on the hele wyth hys fote  
Anone he whypte her on the backe  
A horfone quod she, playest thou me that  
And with her hele she gaue hym a spat  
That he was fayne to go backe agayne

Good felowe thou arte to blame  
Soche wordes to haue, no good thou can.

Consc[i].]

I sayde it to make you sporte and game  
I crye you mercye, I was to blame

Enuye.

- I fe ye are some vertuous man
- Consci. Shortely hence that waye thou came  
For here thou shalte not be
- Enuye. Good Lorde some succour thou sende me  
That I be not oute caste
- Consci. What is thy name, shortely shewe me
- Enuye. I dare not fyr, By Christe Iesu  
Excepte ye kepe it preuelye
- Consci. Feare not faye on hardelye
- Enuye. Syr, my ryghte name is charitie  
Sometyme beloued I was wyth the spyritualtye  
But now coueteouse & symony doeth them so auaūce  
That good institutyon is turned to other ordynaunce  
And bonum exemplum is put to suche hynderaunce  
That here I dare not apeare
- Consci. Symony is not nowe in the spyritualtie  
Bonus pastor ouium, therto wyll see  
Therfore me thyncke thys is a lye  
In holy Church symony can not abyde
- Enuye. He goeth in a clocke, he can not be espyde  
And coueteouse so craftely doeth prouyde  
That bonus pastor ouium, is blynde and wyl not see
- Consci. Thys that ye speake is vppon enuy  
Therfore I thincke ye be not charytye  
For charytie alwaye wyll faye the beste
- Enuye. Amonges theym can I haue no reſte
- Consci. Howe do ye wyth the themporaltye
- Enuye. There is pryde, ſlewth and lechery  
whych putteth me from that place
- Consci. Then be ye wyth the communaltye
- Enuye. They deſpyſe me vtterlye  
One of theym loue not another  
the ſyfter can not loue the brother





Ne the chylde the father ne mother  
There I dare not shewe my face.

This is to me a straunge cafe  
What heare ye by confyence. Confci.

Spiritual & tēporal set agaynst him maruailously  
Marchaūtes, men of law, & artificers of euery degre  
They wyl hange hym and they hym espye  
Soch exclamaciō goeth through this realme round Enuye.

Why what faute haue they founde  
wyth hym so to do Confci.

Hys wytte is noughte, they faye also  
Euerye man putteth hys wyll thereto  
To banyfhe hym for euer. Enuye.

I knowe well it is not as ye faye  
For I am confyence the hye iudge of the lawe Confci.

Be ye conscience , alas that euer I thys day sawe  
yf ye be taken, ye shalbe hanged and drawe  
For they haue vtterly put you downe  
And set couetyse in youre rowme  
Subtylte the scrybe hys owne cofyn  
And falsshed the somner for the courtes promocyon. Enuye.

I maruayle wherfore thys was done  
When ryches came before you that moch wyl paye Confci.

There he had lyued in synne many a daye  
ye shulde for money lette hym go quite awaye  
And put hym to no shame  
Let pouerte do penaunce for a lyttle offence  
He is not able to promote you of .xx. pence  
Then shulde ye haue kepte your resydence  
And gotten your selfe a good name. Enuye.

Who so doeth they are to blame  
In myforderynge them in focher wyse  
ywys cofyn I shewe you as nowe is the guyfe Confci.

C.i.

- For by couetyse moche people doeth vp ryfe  
 whych is agaynst both you and me
- Confci. Charyte I praye you shewe what remedye  
 In thys matter for me may be founde
- Enuye. Shortely get you to wyldernes, or some other regyō  
 For they wyll hange you vp at the Tyborne  
 yf they fynde you in thys place  
 And I muste departe also
- Confci. Thys is to me moche forowe and woo  
 I wyll go into some farre countre  
 Farwell gentyll cofyn charyte
- Enuye. I shall praye for you, praye ye for me. Et plora  
 Thys is an heauy departynge  
 I can in no wyfe forbear wepynge  
 Yet kylle me or ye go  
 For forowe my harte wyll breke in two.  
 Is he gone, then haue at laughynge  
 A fyr is not thys a ioly game  
 That conscience doeth not knowe my name  
 Enuy in fayth I am the same  
 what nedeth me for to lye  
 I hate conscience, peace loue and reste  
 Debate and stryfe that loue I beste  
 Accordyng to my properte  
 when a man louethe well hys wyfe  
 I brynge theym at debate and stryfe  
 This is fene daylye  
 Also betwene fyfter and brother  
 There shall no neyghboure loue an other  
 where I dwell bye  
 And nowe I tell you playne  
 Of one man I haue dyfdayne  
 Prosperyte men do hym call







|                                                   |           |
|---------------------------------------------------|-----------|
| He is nye of my blood                             |           |
| And he to haue so moche worldly good              |           |
| That greueth me worste of all                     |           |
| Iesus that is bothe stedfaste and stable          | Prospe[.] |
| Euer perseueraunt and neuer mutable               |           |
| He saue thys congregacyon                         |           |
| Welcome pouerte by coxs passyon                   | Enuye[.]  |
| Howe haue ye done thys many a daye                |           |
| I thanke god as well as any may                   | Prospe[.] |
| ye call me wrong my name is prosperyte            |           |
| Prosperyte wyth an euyll happe                    | Enuye[.]  |
| Howe the deyuill fortuneste that                  |           |
| I knewe the impacient pouertye                    |           |
| what so euer I was let that matter pas            | Prospe[-] |
| And take me as I am                               | ryte.     |
| I crye you mercye I was to blame                  | Enuye[.]  |
| To call you by your olde name                     |           |
| yet all these people thynke ye are the same       |           |
| impacient pouertye as I sayd before               |           |
| Auant I tell the. I am gentylman bore             | Prospe[-] |
| Yf I heare the reporte fuche wordes any more      | ryte.     |
| Thou shalt be punysshed like a knaue.             |           |
| Aknaue quod a, by coxs passyon                    | Enuye[.]  |
| I am youre owne cofyn                             |           |
| And nye of your consanguynite,                    |           |
| Thou and I are not of one affynyte                | Prospe[.] |
| Yf I were a ryche man, ye wold not saye so by me  | Enuye[.]  |
| ye wold then say I were your next kynsman on lyue |           |
| I saye go hence and make no more stryfe           | Prospe[-] |
| I fet not by fuche a pore haskarde,               | ryte.     |
| Syr do not ye knowe my name                       | Enuye[.]  |
| I knowe the not by faynt Iame,                    | Prospe[.] |
| Charyte in fath I am the same                     | Enuye[.]  |

C.ii.

What nedeth me for to lye  
 I am youre cofin and so wyll I dye  
 ye maye be gladde soche a kynfman to haue  
 Profpe. Shall we haue more a doo yet thou knaue  
 I charge the, neuer knowe me for thy kynne  
 Enuye. I praye you one worde or I goo  
 Profpe. Saye on fhortelye then haue I doo  
 Enuye. Syr, I haue of golde thre hundreth pounce  
 In a bagge faste ybounde  
 At home locked in my cheste  
 I purpose to goo to Ierusalem  
 ye shall kepe it tyll I come agayne  
 I putte you beste in truste.  
 Profpe. Cofyn I woulde fayne doo the beste  
 Bycause ye are nere of my bloode  
 Enuye. What, are ye nowe in that moode  
 Nowe I am youre kyngman because of my good  
 Before of me he hadde dyfdayne  
 Profpe- As for that I was to blame  
 rye. I knewe you not, be not angrye  
 ye are welcome to me cofyn charytye  
 Enuye. Then all these matters lette be  
 I come hyther wyth you to dwell  
 ye muste haue moo seruauntes I do you tell  
 Soche as were necessarye for youre person  
 Profpe- I am contente after youre prouyfyon  
 [r]ye. In euery thyng lette it be done  
 As ye thyncke mozte expedyende  
 [E]nuye. Syr I shall do myne entente  
 To gette you seruauntes moo  
 Profpe- I praye you hertelye it maye be so  
 [r]ye. Alyttle feason I wyll from you goo  
 To solace me wyth some recreacyon





|                                            |              |
|--------------------------------------------|--------------|
| He that fytteth aboue the mone             | Enuy[e.]     |
| Euermore be in youre protection            |              |
| A ha here is sporte for a Lorde            |              |
| That prosperite and I be well at accorde   |              |
| I shall brynge hys thryfte vnder the borde |              |
| I truste wythin shorte space               |              |
| For it greueth my harte ryghte fore        |              |
| He hath so moche treasure in store         |              |
| And I haue neuer the more                  |              |
| I muste fynde some proper thyste           |              |
| That from hys good he maye be lyfte        |              |
| To brynge hym to myfrule I holde it beste  |              |
| For he can soone brynge it to passe        | Here myfrule |
| How what rutterkyn haue we here            | syngeth wout |
| I wolde he were oure subchauntere          | comminge in. |
| Bycause he can so well synge               |              |

|                                              |            |
|----------------------------------------------|------------|
| Uenir auecque vous gentyl compaygnon         | Myfr[ule.] |
| Faictes bone chere pour lamour de saint Iohn |            |
| Mon coeur iocunde is sette on a mery pynne   |            |
| By my trouth I am disposed to reuelynge      |            |

|                                                 |          |
|-------------------------------------------------|----------|
| So me thinketh by youre commynge in             | Enuy[e.] |
| What myfrule where haste thou bene manye yeares |          |

|                                       |            |
|---------------------------------------|------------|
| By my trouth euen amonges my peres    | Myfr[ule.] |
| I came nowe strayghte from the stewes |            |
| From lyttle pretye Ione               |            |

|                                    |          |
|------------------------------------|----------|
| Lorde that she is a pretye one     | Enuye[.] |
| Holde thy peace, lette, that alone |          |

Harke a worde or twayne to the  
 I dwell nowe wyth prosperitye  
 which hath moche worldly treasure  
 yf thou can contriue in thy thoughte  
 Howe that he maye be broughte to noughte  
 In all thys worlde I desyre nomore

Myfru.        Tushe take no though therfore  
                  I can prouyde for that in the best wyse.

Enuye.        Then let me heare thy deuyce

Myfru.        I wyll brynge hym to classe, cardes and dyse  
                  And to propre trulles that be wanton and nyce  
                  whych wyll not be kepte wyth a small pryce  
                  Howe thynkest thou, wyl not thys do well

Enuye.        yes but harken in counsell  
                  Thou must chaunge thy name

misrule        I wyll faye I hyght myrth

Enuye.        And I wyl faye the same  
                  Peace whyft I se hym come

Prospe.        God faue al thys honourable companye

Enuye.        Syr you be welcome by our blessed ladye  
                  I haue thought for you full longe  
                  Here is a gentyl man, I pray you for my sake  
                  Say he is welcome, and into youre seruyce hym take  
                  For greate courtesye he can

Prospe-rite.        Syr you be welcome, geue me youre hande  
                  And shewe me what is youre name

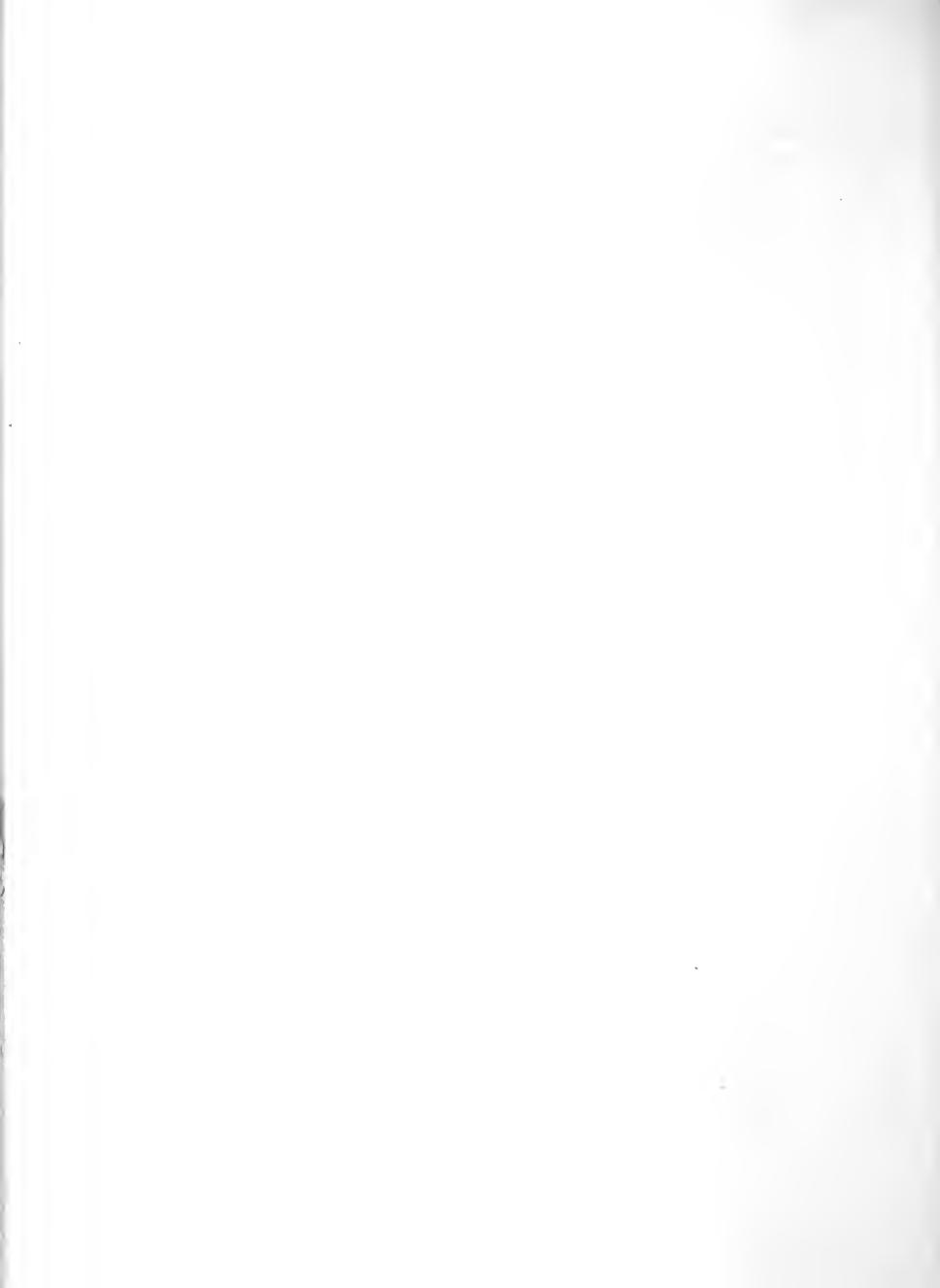
misrule.        Syr my name is myrth  
                  Beloued wyth lordes & ladyes of byrthe  
                  At euery tryumphe I am them with  
                  They can me not ones forbere

Enuye.        And ye had fought thys thousande yere  
                  Suche another ye shall not fynde  
                  wherfore I counsell you in my mynde  
                  Let hym dwell wyth you for one yere.

Prospe.        At youre request I am content  
                  Suche a prety man for me were expedyent  
                  And of hys counsell fayne wolde I here

misrule.        Syr ye must synge and daunce & make good chere  
                  I wolde ye had some propre wenche







That were yonge and lustye at apynche  
Her hele were not so brode as an ynche  
She wolde quycken your courage

Peace hath forbyde al that outrage

He wolde set you at dotage

Prosp[e.]

Enuy[e.]

Bycause he is olde and nature is paste

He wolde nowe euery man shulde faste

yf ye do so, ye do but waste

And vnto you no mede

A strawe for him ye haue no nede

Myfr[u.]

Of hym to stande in awe or drede

A meryer life nowe may ye lede

Therefore be at your owne lybertye.

By my trouth I may faye to the

Prosp[e.]

Sith I to him dyd assent

ryte.

Had I neuer merye daye

But liued in feare and drede alwaie

Nothyng to mine entente

Another while I wyll me fporte

Synge and daunce to my comforte.

And amonge merye company do reforte

Enuy[e.]

For that shal lenghte your lyfe.

Spare neyther mayde ne wyfe

Myfr[u.]

Take bothe and they come in youre waie

Of wyth this lewde araye

Enuy[e.]

It becommeth you nought by this daye.

By my trouth euen as ye faye

Prosp[e.]

Ye marye nowe am I well apayde

Me thinketh I am properly araide:

yf I had a proper trull she shulde be assayde

In the worshyp of the newe yere

Ruffhe vp mutton, for beefe is deare

Enuye[.]

Haue and reuell and chaunce:

Myfru. Nowe let vs bothe synge and daunce  
 wyll ye haue a frenthe rounde  
 [P]rospe. And thou shalt se me bounce aboute the groude  
 Hey with reuell dashe Peace entreth  
 [P]eace. What prosperite is it come hereto  
 [P]rospe. What deuyll of hel hast thou to do  
 Shall I not make mery when me lyst.  
 [P]eace. Yet I saye beware of had I wyft  
 [E]nuye. Hens ye knaue or els thou shalt lycke my fyft  
 I trowe thy heede wolde haue some knockes  
 [P]rospe. Go set hym in a payre of stockes  
 [ri]te. That I hym no more se.  
 [P]eace. Yet man I saye remembre the  
 And thynke what I to the haue sayde.  
 Escheue euermore these ryatours company  
 And be ruled by reason as I the badde  
 Put frō the these two persons by whō thou art lade  
 Enuy & myfrule with theyr synful & great abusyon  
 whych yf thou wylt not forsake, wyl be thy confusyon  
 [P]rospe. Auaunt lorel, and take thys for a conclusyon  
 These men from me thou shalt not seperate  
 Go out of my fyght or by coxs passyon  
 I shall laye the fast in newgate  
 [P]eace. It is vetter to forsake them betyme then to late  
 Myfru. This knaue wolde haue a broken pate  
 Let me alone by goddes breade  
 This same swerde shall stryke of hys head.  
 [P]rospe. I praye you hens that he were rydde  
 [ri]te. Shortly haue hym out of my fyght  
 [P]eace. A lytle whyle geue me respyte  
 And take hede what I do saye  
 Remembre in what condycyon thou was  
 when I fyrst mette the in this place





Full symple in poore araye  
Nowe by the grace of god and counsell of me  
Thou arte come to great prosperyte  
And so mayst continue vntyll thou dye  
yf thou wyfelye take hede  
Let not sensuallite lede the brydell  
Be occupied in vertue, and be not ydell  
The better shalte thou procede  
These wretches wyll thy goodes spende and wast  
Then shalte thou be taken for an out caste  
And mocked and scorned wyth most and leest  
Then wyll no man the helpe at nede.

A fyr euyll mote thou spede  
That so can rede hys destanye.

Enuye.

Wyl ye suffre thys knaue in youre company  
Then God be wyth you I wyll forsake you

Myfru.

Go hence or in fayth I shall make you.

Prospe.

Then to almyghty god I betake you.

Peace.

Let me come to that braggar.

Enuye.

I shal thrust hym thorowe the ars with my dagger

(And here they face Peace out of the place)

Howe say ye, was not thys a good face  
To dryue a knaue out of the place.

In fayth thou made hym runne a pace  
Thou loked as thou hadde bene madde

Myfru.

Nowe by my trouth my harte is glad  
Some mynstrell nowe I wolde we hadde  
To reuell and daunce, for by faynt Chadde  
I am so lyght me thinke I flee.

Prospe.

ye mary so shulde it be  
For nowe I holde you wyfe.

Enuye.

Syr and ye wyll do myne aduyse  
Let vs go strayght to the floure delyce

misrule[.]

D.i.

There shall ye fynde a man wyll playe at dyce  
with you for an hundreth pounce.

Prospe. What man is he ?

Myfru. Colehaffarde came late from be yonde the see  
Ragged and torne in a garded cote  
And in hys purse neuer a grote  
And nowe he goeth lyke a lorde

Prospe. I pray the tell me at our worde  
Is he a gentylman bore.

Enuye. Tuffhe take no thought therfore  
For be he gentylman, knaue, or boye  
If he come hether with tryfle, or a toye  
He can no money lacke.

Prospe. Now by the breade that god brake  
ryte. I thyncke longe tyll I hym fe  
Myrth go before and ordayne a good dyfthe  
One of fleshe, and an other of fyfthe

Enuye. Nay let all be fleshe  
A yonge pullet tender and nesshe  
That neuer came on broche, haue with y or thou go

Myfru. What shall I haue ?

Enuye. Foure quarters of a knaue.

Rofted vpon a spytte.

Exit myfrule.

Prospe. Nowe by my trouth and colehaffarde wyll fyt  
I wyll play as long as an hundreth pound wyll last.

Enuye. And ye wyl play an hundreth pounce at a cast  
He wyll kepe you playe.

Prospe. Then let vs go our waye  
ryte. I fyt on thornes tyll I come ther

Enuye. That shall make your thyrfte full bare

Prospe. What wyll it do ?

Enuye. I say we shall haue good chere

When we come there.

Exūt ambo.







When phebus draweth into the occidentall  
And obserued wyth clowdes myfty and darke  
Then trees, herbes, and grasse, by course naturall  
want theyr chefe cōfort, thus sayth many a clarke.  
And lyke wyfe that a man in hys warke  
Is dysfytute of reason, folowyng sensual operacyon

Peace.

The laste tyme I was in thys place  
Prosperite vnto myfrule put hys hole confidence  
He regarded not my counsell, he lacked grace  
which in time coming, shal turne him to incōuenyēce  
wyth hassarders, and ryotters, he kepeth resydence  
At clashe and cardes, with al vnthryfte game  
whych in contynaunce shall brynge hym to shame  
To hym yet I wyl reforte  
Yf he be brought in pouertye  
I shall do hym al the comforte  
And all the helpe that lyeth in me  
I wyl neuer reste tyl I hym se  
But seke about from place to place  
And bryng hym to some better grace

Exit.

Coll hassarde arte thou there  
Horeson knaue wylt thou no appere  
By my trouth I had wente to haue founde hym here  
I holde hym gone some other waye  
And where is enuye I can not hym espye  
I trowe he is wyth prosperytye  
Prosperyte, nay, I maye cal hym folyfhe pouerte  
As wyfe as a drake  
I haue brought hym to dyce, cardes, and clashe  
And euer on hys fyde ranne the losse  
That he is not worthe a handfull of mosse  
Neyther hath not a hole brat to hys backe

misfrul[e.]

D.ii.

- Enuye. Passyon of god, is it come to that  
 These tydynges maketh my hart glade.
- Myfru. In fayth he hath neyther golde, syluer, ne plate  
 Col haffarde and I be both at one  
 He promysed me to haue halfe the game  
 That euery thyng shal be deuyded in twayne  
 He to haue the one halfe and I the other
- Enuye. Then lette vs be parteners as brother and brother
- Myfru. I can not saye, tyll Coll haffarde come  
 Then shal we knowe, bothe all and some
- Colhaf- Here is a bagge of golde so rounde  
 farde. Here in is two thousande pounce  
 Of prosperyte me it wonne  
 What man is able wyth me to make comparifon  
 Nowe shal I take a marchauntes place  
 To occupye I truste wythyn shorte space  
 To be incredence wyth Englysh men  
 And when I am so well be truste  
 I maye borowe so moche as me luste  
 A subtyll crafte then fynde I muste  
 To conuaye vnder coloure lyke free men
- Enuye. Harke thys knaue so proude and stoute  
 That hadde not to hys arse a hole cloute  
 Whē he came to this land, & now hath brought about  
 To compare wyth a state
- misrule. Nowe muste I haue halfe money and halfe plate
- Colhaf. Naye by God there thou spake to late  
 None therof from me shal scape  
 Then hadde I lyned to longe
- misrule. Thou promised me, when thou beganne  
 Halfe thy wynnyng I shoulde haue
- Colhaf. Holde thy peace lewde knaue  
 Knowest thou to whom thou doest speake





|                                                   |                       |
|---------------------------------------------------|-----------------------|
| A horeson thy head shal I breake                  | mifru[le.]            |
| For the passyon of god sobre you mode             | Enuy[e.]              |
| I feare shedyng of knaues bloude                  |                       |
| ¶ Here they fyght and runne all out of the place  |                       |
| And then entreth prosperite poorely and sayeth.   |                       |
| O Iesu what maye thys meane                       | Poue[r.]              |
| My goodes are spent and wasted away               |                       |
| Also my men are from me clene                     |                       |
| I se them not this feuen nyghtes daye             |                       |
| As longe as I myght spende and paye               |                       |
| They helde me vp with false dissymulacyon         |                       |
| And now they forsake me in my most trybulacyon    |                       |
| Come for coxs bones, why tary ye so longe         | Enuy[e.]              |
| In fayth I come as faste as I can                 | mifru[le.]            |
| I am so angrie I wote not what to do              |                       |
| That yonder knaue scaped from me so               |                       |
| What knaue is thys I holde hym some spye          | Enuy[e.]              |
| I am youre mayster, knowe ye not me               | Poue[r.]              |
| Thou arte come a late oute of marshallsee         | Enuy[e.]              |
| Me thynke hys hayre groweth thorow his hode       | mifru[le.]            |
| Alas Coll haffarde hath wome all my good          | Poue[r.]              |
| And lefte me neuer a groate                       |                       |
| Mary so me thinke, ye haue changed your coate     | Enuye[.]              |
| But nowe ye haue one vauntage.                    |                       |
| What is that.                                     | (nother daye Pouer[.] |
| your executors shal not striue for your goodes a- | Enuye[.]              |
| Nor theues shall not robbe you goynge by the waye |                       |
| Thus ye shall stande oute of doute                |                       |
| Hens ragged knaue or thou shal beare me a cloute  | mifru[le.]            |
| Hys clothes smell all of the smoke                |                       |
| Nowe by faynt Hewe that holy bysshoppe            | Enuye[.]              |
| Thys matter is well brought to passe              |                       |
| He is nowe a knawe as he was                      |                       |

D.iii.

Fyrft a knaue and then a man  
 And nowe he is a knaue agayne  
 Pouer. Why faye ye fo ye be to blame  
 I am youre mayfter profperyte  
 mifrule Auaunt lorell and euyl to the  
 Get the out of thys companye  
 begynneft thou now to make comparyfon  
 Enuye. Let hym be your vnder page  
 Geue hym meate and drynke, but no wage  
 Go brufhe hys gowne & make clene hys fhone  
 mifrule Wel knaue canft thou no courteyfye  
 Enuye. He hath foche a dyfeafe in hys knee  
 He can not chaunce a man groate  
 It is not as ye wene  
 mifrule Come and fe my fhone made clene  
 Enuye. By my fayth he fhall wpe mine  
 mifrule Thys knaue is not mete for me  
 It greueth my harte when I hym fe  
 I wyl go hence and leue you twayne  
 For enuy thou mayft with pouertye rayne. Exit.  
 Enuye. Naye I had leuer he were flayne  
 I am gone as fone as ye.  
 Pouer. Abyde ftyll wyth me gentyll charyte  
 O to whome fhulde I fewe, to whom fhuld I plette  
 O mortall worme wrapped all in wo  
 as a man all mortified, and mafed in my wytte  
 I a captyfe in captyuite, lo fortune is my foo  
 I am in endleffe forowe, alas what fhall I do  
 thefe captiues thorow theyr coufel & fals imaginacyō  
 haue brought me to nought y was of great reputaciō  
 wo worth the tyme that I them knew  
 I maye well fyghe aud faye alas  
 For nowe I fynde thefe wordes full trewe







That peace shewed me here in this place  
 I regarded not hys counsell. I lacked grace  
 wherfore nedy pouerte on me doth blowe hys horne  
 That euery man and womā doth laugh me to scornē  
 Example to all yonge men when they take in hand  
 To occupye in the worlde for your behofe  
 Loke wyfely before and also vnderstande  
 Euyll compani destroyeth man on me ye se the profe  
 Make a fure foundacyon, or ye fet vp the rofe  
 Of a good & vertuous begīning cometh a good endig  
 And euermore beware of vnmeasurable spendynge

¶ Here entreth the Somner.

|                                                 |          |
|-------------------------------------------------|----------|
| I a fyte you in our court to appeare            | Som.     |
| I praye you tell me wherefore                   | Pouer[.] |
| Ye be greate sclauderer and full of enuy        | Sōner[.] |
| There wyll no man saye so but ye                | Pouer[.] |
| what wylt thou geue me and thou shalt go quyte. | Sōner[.] |
| By my trouth I haue not one myte                | Pouer[.] |
| Then open penaunce & thou art like              | Som.     |
| By my trouth Ifclauder no man                   | Pouer[.] |
| Then come & secule thy self as well as thou can | Som.     |

¶ Haboundance entreth.

|                                                 |          |
|-------------------------------------------------|----------|
| What man is he that can me dismaye              | Haboū[.] |
| For I optayne all thyngē at my wyll             |          |
| Or who dare any thyngē agaynst me saye          |          |
| what so euer I do be it good or yll             |          |
| For yf he do he were better be styll            |          |
| I shall hym punishe be it ryghte or wronge      |          |
| For wyth my purse I can. both saue and hange    |          |
| To repugne agaynst me : he were better be styll |          |
| I haue a propre trull for my pastaunce          |          |
| In my chamber I her kepe, bothe nyght and daye  |          |
| My neyghbours therwith, taketh great greuaunce  |          |

- yet I kepe her still, who so euer say nay  
How be it there is one a poore caytyfe I heare faye  
Hath me accused in the courte spirituall  
And it coste me a, C.li. punishe him I shall
- Som. Open synne must haue open penaunce  
God spede my mayster haboundaunce
- Haboū. What knaue arte thou with a very myschaunce  
That cometh info homely.
- Sōner. Syr I praye you be not angrye  
I am an offycer of the spiritualitye  
Ther is vpon you a great sclaunde  
ye kepe another mannes wyfe in your chambre  
And lyue in great aduantrye.
- Haboū. What wretches doeth so say by me.
- Som. It is openly knowen euery where  
Before my mayster I charge you to appere.  
Upon a boke there shall ye swere  
Whether it be so or no
- Haboū. What is the beste for me to do  
Rather then I to the courte wyll goo  
I had leuer spende twentie pounce
- Sōner. Syr of soche a way may be founde  
To excuse you, what wyll ye thed faye
- Haboū. Now therof hartely I the praye
- Som. ye shall come home to my maysters place  
And faye that ye be put vp of malyce  
Thrust mony in his hande apace  
And so shal ye go quyte away
- Haboū. For thy coufel gamercy, hold here is .xl. pence.
- Som. Come on sir I wyll do my dylygence. exiūt ambo.  
¶ Here entreth y<sup>e</sup> somner agayne, & pouerte foloweth  
him with a candell in his hāde doying penaūce aboute  
the place. And them fayth the somuer.
- Som. Rowme fyrs auoydaunce





|                                                          |          |
|----------------------------------------------------------|----------|
| That thys man maye do hys pennaunce                      |          |
| Now haue I my penaunce done                              | Pouer[.] |
| Nay thou shalt aboute ones agayne                        | Söner[.] |
| The pouerte and trouble that I endure                    | Pouer[.] |
| I cannot to you in fewe wordes expresse                  |          |
| Yf it shulde be into god no dyspleasure                  |          |
| I wolde defyre death my payne to releffe.                |          |
| Soche is my penurye and troublefome heuynesse            |          |
| That I coude in no wyse, suffre it paciently             |          |
| But that I truste to wynne heauen thereby                |          |
| What mā art thou that maketh soch lamentacyon            | Peace.   |
| Mayster peace, I defyre you of pardon                    | Pouer.   |
| I am youre seruauant, some tyme called prosperyte        |          |
| Howe came thou to thys perplexyte                        | Peace.   |
| Coll hassarde, myruele, and false enuy                   | Pouer.   |
| Brought me to hys destresse                              |          |
| I shewed the before playne expresse                      | Peace.   |
| Then of my wordes thou haddest dysdayne                  |          |
| Therefore nowe it is to me greate payne                  | Pouer.   |
| What persons are those that dyd him accuse               | Peace.   |
| Syr he is put vp by sute of offyce.                      | Som.     |
| Sute of offyce, then it is so                            | Peace.   |
| Ther hath ben credable persons thre or two               |          |
| Soche artycles to the iudge dyd shewe                    |          |
| He oughte therto to haue good respecte                   |          |
| And do swere these persons vpon a boke                   |          |
| For loue ne dred they say but trewe                      |          |
| For it is not lefull for a called, a caytyfe, or a knaue |          |
| Agaynst honest persons soch matters for to haue          |          |
| To put a man to open penaunce without deue prose         |          |
| Syr whē I entred mine office this was mine othe          | Söner[.] |
| To herken about and heare                                |          |
| For backekyters, sclaunderers, and false iurers          |          |

E.i.

Syfmatykes, homysedes, and great vsures  
Bandes, aduouterers, fornycatours, and echeters  
All foch muft penaunce do

Pouer. I knowe one foch came neuer thereto.

Peace. Who is that?

Pouer. His name is called haboundaunce  
Whych hath done manye a great offence  
For he kepeth another mannes wyfe  
No maner of penaunce ye make hym do  
But redemeth wyth money and let hym go  
So in aduoutrye styl he ledeth hys lyfe

Som. He made is purgacyon vpon a boke  
Or els redemed wyth the fyluer hoke

Peace. Syluer hoke, that I denye  
For it is a playne decree  
That open synne muſte do open puniſhemēte  
There can be no foch iudgemente  
That money ſhall ſtop the lawe.

Pouer. Naye there ſtoppe and laye a ſtrawe  
Where ſe ye anye man a ſubſtaunce  
Put to open penaunce  
But punyſhed by the purſe  
A poore man that hath nought to paye  
He ſhalbe punyſhed thys ye ſe euery daye  
But yf he be obſtynant and wyll not obeye  
Anone they well hym curſe.

Som. Wel for thy faying another day ỹ ſhal fare ỹ worſe.  
Exyt fomner.

Pouer. Syr I beſeche you comfort me with ſome ſolace.

Peace. Thou art well punyſhed for thy treſpaſſe  
By thyne owne ſenſuall and vndyſcrete operacyon  
Hath brought the to all thys trybulacyon  
Stande vp, wyth thys veſture I ſhal the renewe,







Syr I thanke you, & wyll do at your reformatyon      Pouer.  
And for my tyme myffpent I am fore ashamed

Yf ye do as I you bydde ye shall not be blamed      Peace.

Forfake enuy and, myffrule with al their olde perers

Be cōuerfaunt w̄ good mē goodnes therof wyl grow

Folow the sayenge of Daudid : cū fancto sanctus erys

For wycked men euermore wycked feed do fowe

what cometh of euil cōpany now thy self doth know

Prynt it well in thy memory and do it not forgette

Many a man doth decay for lacke of good forewitte

Syr your sayenges is ful true I haue perceyued it      Prospe-

And for the vertuous cōfessell that ye to me haue geue      ryte.

I shall be your oratour whyle I haue a day to lyue

Soueraignes here may ye se proued before you al      Peace.

Of thys wanton worlde the great fragilyte

Euer mutable of the turnyng as a bal

Nowe flode of ryches nowe ebbe of pouerte

What shulde men set by this worldes vanyte

Thynke on this lessō and do it not forget

The gayest of vs al is but wormes meate

Withe the supportacyon of thys noble audyence      Prospe-

we haue here shewed thys symple enterlude      ryte.

Besechyng you of your benyuolence to take pacyence

It is but a myrrour vice to exclude

The maker hereof his entent was good

No man to dysplease olde nor yonge

Yf any faute be therin we desyre you of pardon

Let vs pray al to that lorde of great magnificence      Peace.

To send amonge vs peace rest and vnyte

And Iesu preferue our soueraigne Quene of preclare

preeminence

with al her noble confanguynyte

And to sende them grace so the yssue to obtayne

E.ii.

After them to rule this most chryften realme  
 O good Lord as thou arte onypotent  
 Haue regarde vnto my petycyon  
 Conferue thys noble realme, and all that are present  
 Of thy eternall deyte graunt them al thy fruycyon  
 And from our mortall enemies be oure protectyon  
 Iesu as thou vs redemed, bryng vs to the bleffe  
 There as aungels fyng, Glorya in excelsis  
 Amen.

¶ Thus endeth the enterlute called  
 Impacyente pouertye.



¶ Imprinted at London, in Paules  
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 the Swane by Iohn Kynge.



*[In the original this second tail-piece is very blurred and indistinct, the first design being ultra sharp, hard, and black.]*





[OBVIOUS ERRORS will be found as follows:

A.ii., recto, line 24, *Commnnicatyon* for *Communicatyon*.

A.ii., verso, line 26, *bryngd* for *brynge*.

A.iii., recto, last line, *humyly* for *humylity*.

A.iv., recto, line 3, *thertho* for *therto*.

line 12, *gouvernaunce* for *gouvernaunce*.

line 16, *your* for *you*.

Ibid., *tnt* for *ent*.

B.ii., recto, line 3, *thought* for *thoughe*.

line 21, *haffe* for *halfe*.

B.iii., recto, line 31, *Mke* for *Make*.

B.iv., recto, line 19, *shulde* for *shulde*.

C.i., recto, the names of players on this page are throughout  
set in the original half a line lower than the first  
line of the speech to which they belong.

C.ii., verso, line 17, *kyngman* for *kynsman*.

C.iii., verso, line 1, *though* for *thought*.

line 31, *fayne* for *fayne*.

C.iv., recto, lines 10, 14, and 15, the names of the players are  
in each case in the original set half a line  
higher.

C.iv., verso, line 24, *vetter* for *better*.

D.ii., verso, line 29, *lyned* for *lyued*.

D.iii., recto, line 12, *forfake* for *forfake*.

line 19, *come* for *come*.

line 21, *wome* for *wonne*.

D.iii., verso, line 30, *y* for *y*.

D.iv., verso, line 11, *felaunde* for *felauudre*.

line 13, *aduantrye* for *aduoutrye*.

line 23, *thed* for *then*.

line 29, *gamercy* for *gramercy*.

line 33, *fayth* for *fayth*.

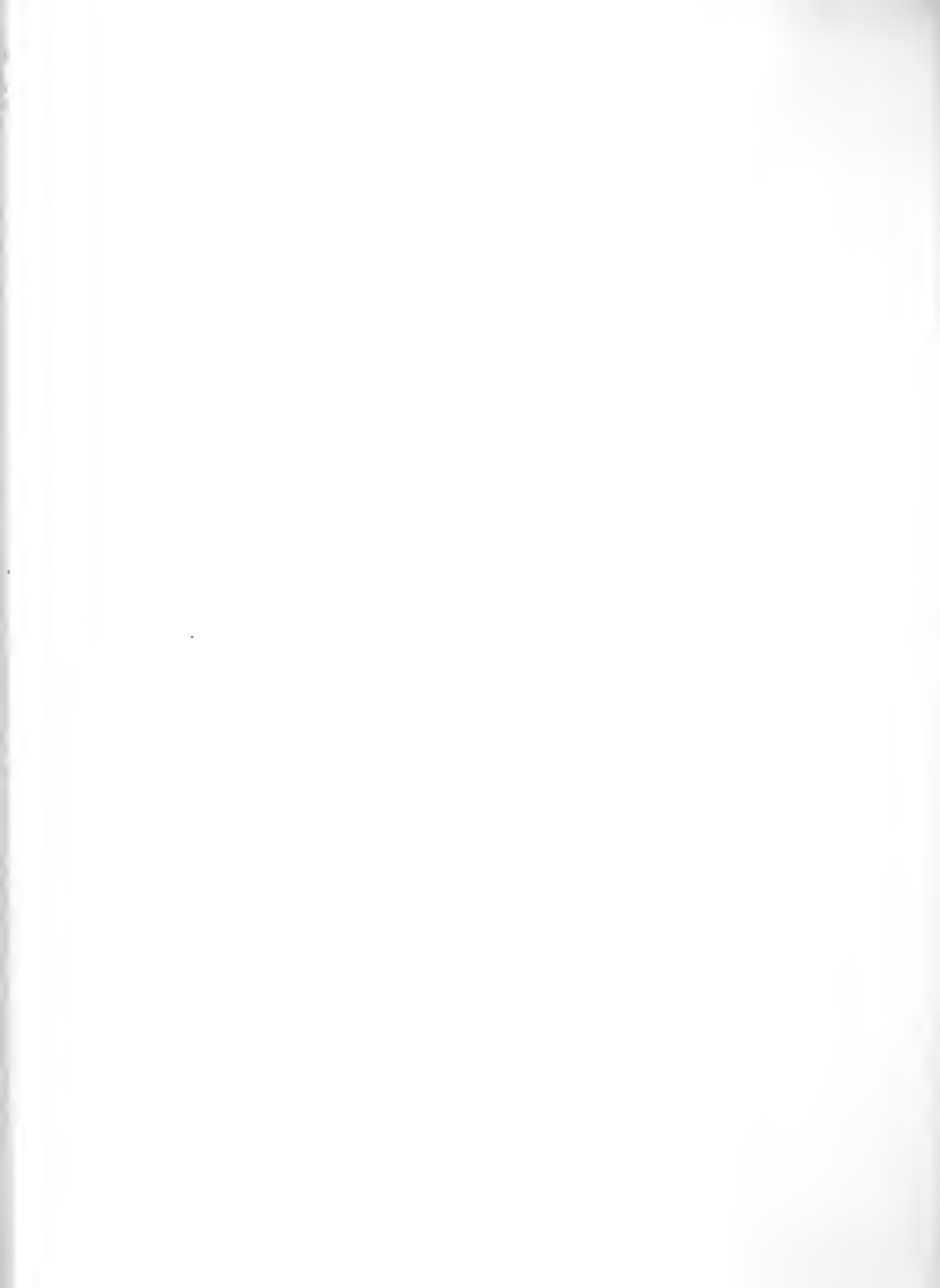
Ibid., *fomuier* for *fomner*.

E.i., recto, line 16, *hys* for *thys*.

line 33, *backekyters* for *backebyters*.

E.i., verso, line 1, *vfures* for *vfurers*.]



























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